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Judge

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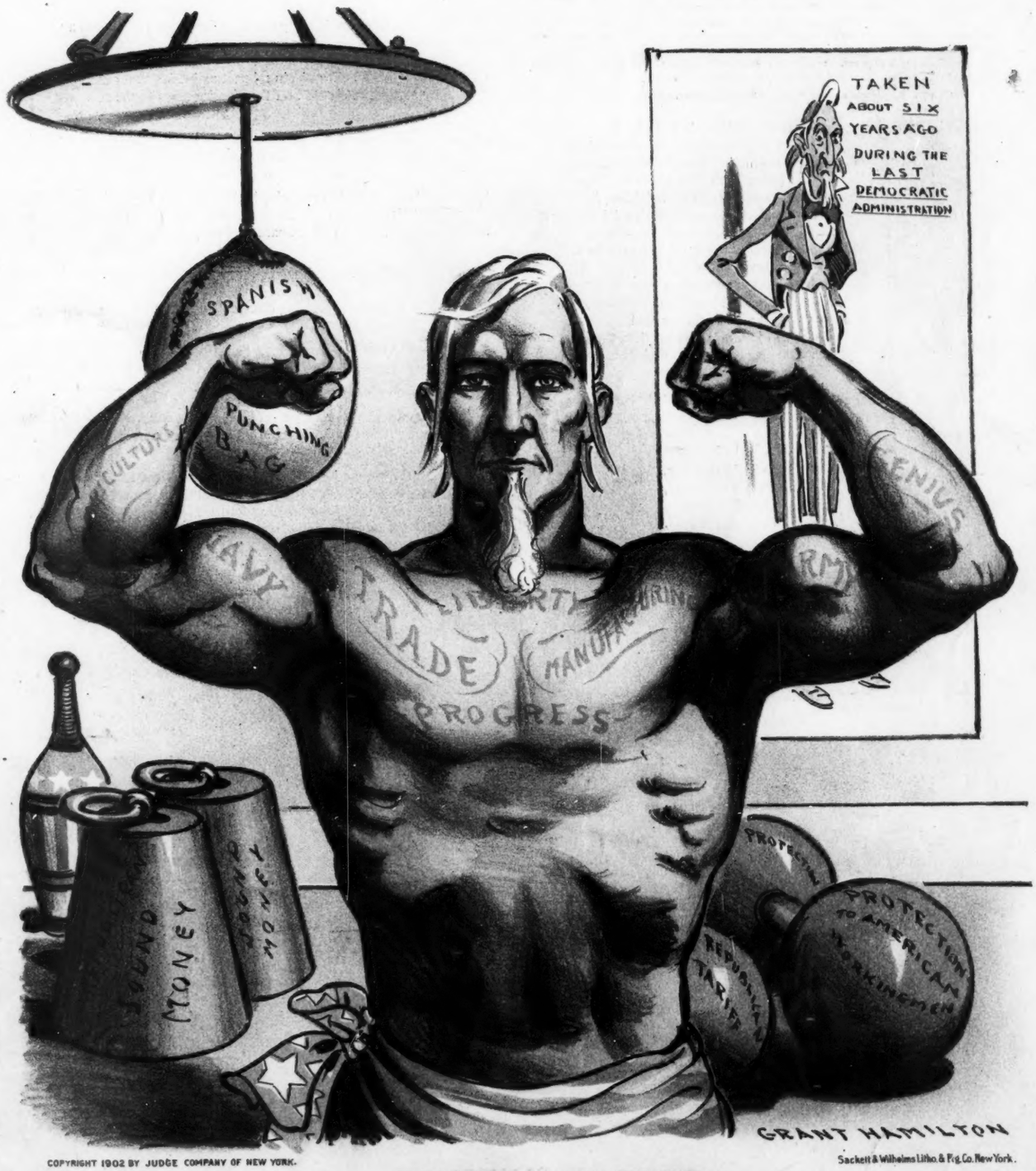

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PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Uncle Sam's wonderful development during the Republican administration.

Judge

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THE poppy 's gayly nodding in the wheat
That bends and ripples in the western breeze,
And now the farmer formulates the cheese
Whose first name 's pot, the which no guest will eat;
And while the summer girl on twinkling feet
Whirls lightly to the orchestra's wild wheeze
The fiscal orange very hard we squeeze
For juice with which the hand of fate to beat.
Our fancies lurk about the leaf-fringed bowl
Till, bound for nowhere in a bark of dreams,
We idly drift without an oar to steer,
Because vacation visions fill our soul
With golden joy, more golden than the beams
Of sunshine dancing on a glass of beer.

* * *

IF THERE ISN'T a ping-pong ticket in the field during the next campaign it is quite likely that each and every platform will contain a ping-pong plank.

* * *

THE cabbage-leaf hat-lining,
From here to Samarcand,
Is like the high-ball shining,
And simply owns the land.

And while the girl is pining
On mountain and on strand
The Jerseyman 's quinining
Himself to beat the band.

'WAY at the top of the tree the urchin 's devouring the apple;
Filling himself to the brim, he grins like the painted Comanche
As he lopes over the plain, a jubilant, howling volcano,
Seeking the one he may scalp to gild a few moments in passing.

Then he descends from the tree and gathers a cramp with his stomach;
Like the Comanche he howls and rolls on the roseate clover.
Kicking his heels in the air, all frantic he tosses and tumbles—
Tosses and tumbles and kicks—which fact 's but an etching of summer.

* * *

WHERE there is so much smoke there is sure to be some soft coal.

* * *

THE SHINING BEAUTY of many a political reputation is only white-wash deep.

* * *

THE LATEST WAY of putting it is that the average door-nail is as dead as Gorman.

* * *

WHAT the Democratic party needs at the present writing is a good stiff Bryan anti-toxin.

* * *

AN ENTHUSIASTIC agricultural poet maintains that cabbage bears the same relation to corned beef that Venice bears to the sea.

* * *

A GREAT DEAL of the presidential timber that is drifting around on the sea of politics is hemlock stained to look like rosewood.

* * *

THE REAL CRŒSUS of to-day is the man who has such an abundance of shekels as to be pointed out as one who has money to buy meat, and also as the man at whose board beef-soup flows like water.

* * *

THE LIBERAL Democratic party is not content to denounce the name and fame of David Bennett Hill, but insists on overstepping the bounds of good taste by jumping on and desecrating his political grave.

* * *

IF THE CONTORTIONIST who performs all sorts of posturing feats, which might be called physical pyrotechnics, in spangled tights could only arrive at the point of perfection in doing the same thing mentally in a swallow-tailed coat he could go into the flowery field of machine politics and not have the ghost of a chance of success against many of the human eels that hold the fort and are less sinned against than sinning.

* * *

OFF for the mountains and sea, and off for the sea and the mountains,
Swiftly the crowd caracoles, abeam with excitement and pleasure,
Some lighting out for Squedunk, and others for Pemigewasset
Caper and dance and cavort, care-free as the airy mosquito.

List to the boat as it blows its whistle, that scissors the welkin;
List to the chime and the shriek that pop from the big locomotive;
Look at the baggage and dogs, and note the loud squall of the babies,
Then in a jiffy you'll know we've come to the season of outing.

ALL HE DESIRED.

COHEN (*as Levy is run over by an "auto"*)—"Get tamages, Levy—get tamages!"
LEVY—"Mein Gott, Cohen! do you t'ink I'm a hog?"

THE TAYLOR-MADE GIRL.
"Yes, I'm very much like Charles Lamb—I hate music."
"Then come with me to the roof-garden."

NOT USELESS.

Bramble—"It cannot be denied that Christian science has done a great deal of good."

Thorne—"Do you think so?"

Bramble—"I know it. It has cured numbers of people of their faith in patent medicines."

THEIR PASSWORD.
Accidental discovery of a dangerous organization in Paterson, New Jersey.

HARD TO PLEASE.

May—"I can't bear Rocksy. He is so horsy he always smells of the stable."

Mother—"Well, there is Scadsby. He hates horses."

May—"Yes; and he smells of the repair-shop."

NO. 1.—THE WONDERFUL DOINGS OF MARVELOUS THOMAS.
"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have drawn two plain, ordinary jars, such as you can find in any crockery-store, and with the addition of a few more lines we have a plain——family jar.'

Photo by Chickering.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

MARGUERITE CLARK.

Who wouldn't sit
In joy serene
To see you flit
From scene to scene?
A sylph petite,
A human kite,
You're simply sweet-
Ness linked to light.

You slip and slide,
You gleam and glance,
The breezy bride
Of true romance,
And never stop,
But onward press,
A dream of top-
Syturviness.

Long may you hold
The earth in fee
And gather gold
From sea to sea,
And lightly flit
In spangled boots
Upon your lit-
Tle tootsy-woots.

CAUSE FOR APPREHENSION.

Mrs. Hornbeak—"Ezry, I'm afraid your ma is losin' her mind."

Farmer Hornbeak—"What makes ye think so? I ain't noticed any purtickler signs of it."

Mrs. Hornbeak—"Why, she's got so's she don't 'pear to think everybody that comes to the house is anxious to hear all about her gran'children."

BY THE SOUNDING SEA.

NOW hopefully mamma shuts her home and packs the duds and goes to roam with her young, winsome, summery lass, just graduated from her class. They go to loll upon the shore, where ocean rolls and landlords roar; where other mammas watch and wait for fortunes for their dear boys' fate.

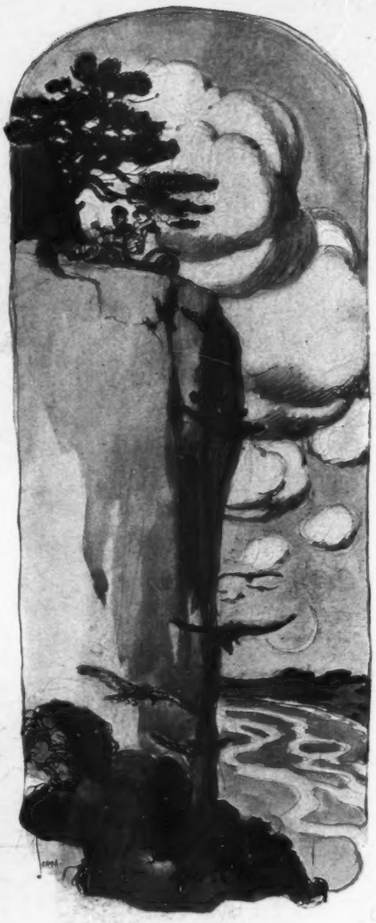
Ah, merrily the landlords smile, free from suspicion, free from guile; for knows he what there is in store, for he's kept tavern there before. He knows that when the season 's gone somebody 's going to quit the lawn with slower step, with less of dash, with nothing gained and less of cash.

And as he looks back at the sea merrily he will gloat in glee, as all the boarders go away, "They'll come again some other day. E'en though they marry, they'll be here with some one else—who knows—next year. They'll come again to stroll and wink and ask the wild waves what they think."

F. H. B.

NINE LIVES.

NINTH GHOST OF THOMAS CAT—"Gee! It's a good thing old Tom hasn't any more lives. There's hardly enough room for me in heaven."



A GREAT SAVER.

GLADYS—"Mrs. Blowitt hasn't been able to leave her bed since her 'auto' ran away with her."

RUPERT—"No. Blowitt says the machine has more than paid for itself already."

AS IT APPEARED TO WILLIE.

"OH, MAMMA!" cried the little boy who was making his first visit to the country, "come quick and see Uncle Reuben turn the cow's faucets on."

OUR COUNTRY COUSIN.

Smart city visitor (showing a chestnut-burr)—"Say, Rube, what d'ye call this?"

Rube—"You dern fool! that's a porcupine's egg."

HIS WISH.

SHE—"They say nothing is lost in nature."

HE—"I wish the chap who wrote that had to find my golf-balls."

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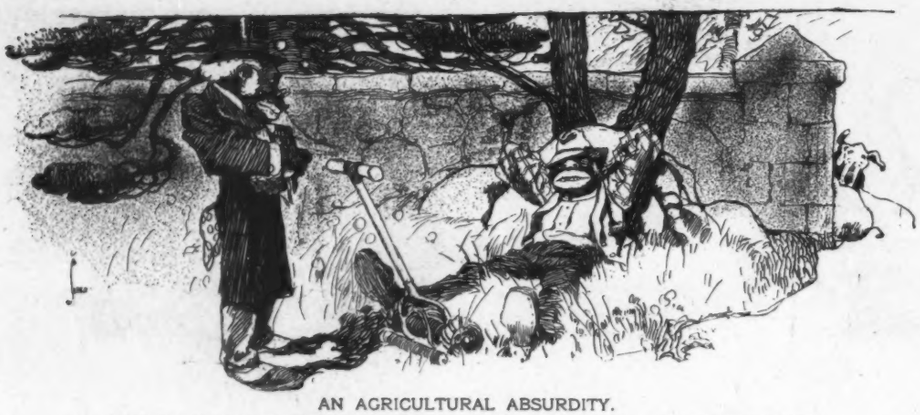
APPRECIATED BY GOLFERS.

JACK—"She's been playing golf for three years."
TOM—"Is she satisfied with her progress?"
JACK—"Oh, quite. She's just succeeded in equaling the record she made in her first game."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Here is a competition for amateur artists. JUDGE will pay **TEN DOLLARS** for the best hand-colored copy of the above drawing. On receipt of twenty-five cents in stamps a special hand-proof of the drawing, printed in black outline upon Steinbach water-color paper, will be sent to any address. This special proof is to be colored by hand by the amateur artist in water-colors, crayon, or oil, and must be sent to us by mail, postage prepaid, addressed to the Judge Art Department, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. No copy other than the special proof-copy can be used in this competition.



AN AGRICULTURAL ABSURDITY.

PARSON JOHNSON—"People reap jess w'ot dey sow, Jim. Ef yo' sow weeds yo'll reap weeds."
JIM JACKSON—"Nonsense, pawson! Who evah heard ob anybody sowin' weeds?"

A BUSY MAN.

"THE villain is below, sir," announced the footman.

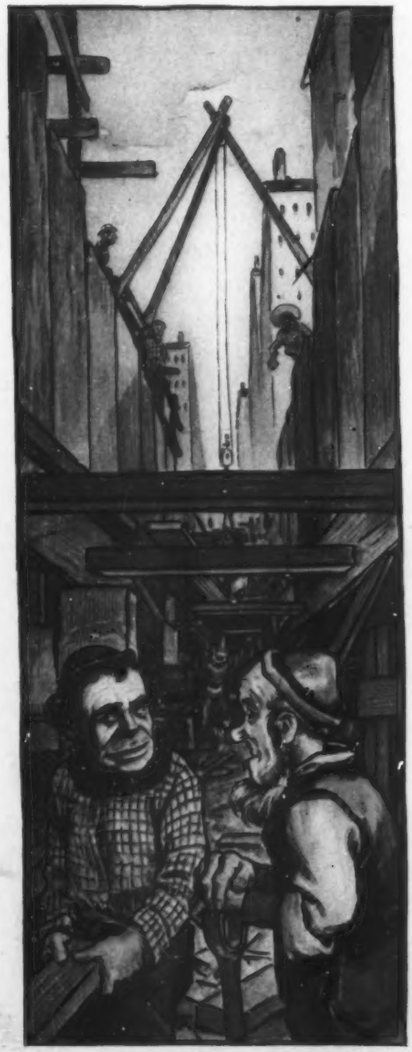
"Oh, bother!" exclaimed the hero. "Tell him to call some other time. I'm too busy to foil him now. The tailor has just sent six new costumes and I've got to pose for my portrait in each one of them."

Negro dominie (addressing his flock after a very long and exhausting sermon, on a particularly hot summer morning)—"Bredren an' sistren, Brudder Jones will now pass roun' wid de collecshun-plate. De waters ob life am free, but remembah yo' done got ter pay fo' de hydrant."

A CANINE VEHICLE.

"IT IS not considered the right thing to ride to hounds in an automobile," said Spyes.

"Of course not," added Spokes. "A dog-cart is the correct vehicle."



UNNECESSARY EFFORTS.

KEEGAN—"Old man Rafferty near had a fit whin he heard his darter an' young Rooney had bin married fer six months."
REGAN—"Cud yez blame him? There he'd bin treatin' th' young blackguard loike a gintleman fer six mont's, jist thryin' to git him into th' family."

AT THE TRACK.

CHOLLY—"Now, see here. You lay a bet on Bon Ton and you'll pull out good money."
FERDY—"Of course. If I pulled out bad money the bookie wouldn't take it."

LIKE SLIPPERS SHE'D SEEN.

BETH had never before seen an alligator. "Goodness!" she exclaimed, "there's a big lizard all covered over with slipper-skin."

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

NO more I long for birds and bees and flowers,
No more I pine for pretty woodland ways;
I hunger not for lazy summer days,
Nor do I sigh for vine-encovered bowers.
You do not hear me more invoke the powers
To let me linger in a leafy maze
Or by the running brook, where one may gaze
At glist'ning waters through the sunlit hours.
Oh, no; no more I grind out by the yard
Poetic fancies, for my rent is due,
And tradesmen won't accept my woeful tale,
And I perforce am thinking very hard
Just what my future days are coming to—
The free-lunch counter or the county jail.

NATHAN M. LEVY.

THERE is one good thing about the wool tariff—the wolf can't afford to appear in the sheep's clothing so often.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

BILL THE PICKER (to automobilist returning from a ride at two o'clock, a. m.)—"Say, cull, is dey anyt'ing doin'?"

A PAIR OF BATHING TRUNKS.

PROPER SEASON.

"THERE are a great many air-ships planned," said Snooper.

"This is fly-time, you know," added Sumway.

A SLIGHT CHANGE.

"I UNDERSTAND that Boston isn't eating so much pork and beans since the price of meat went up."

"Not so much pork, perhaps. I am told that the consumption of porkless beans is very heavy, however."

SUBURBAN LIFE REVEALED.

Artistic city friend (visiting in Swamphurst)—"Red splashes on a blue background! I never saw such artistic wall paper!"

Mr. Lonely (of Swamphurst, gloomily)—"It was originally plain blue—those red splashes are where I have killed mosquitoes on it."

SOFT SOAP.

APPROPRIATELY GOWNED.

Marie—"How are you going to dress for the ping-pong party?"

Gladys—"I think I'll wear my pink-pongee."

Barkley—"Poynter's greyhound was awarded a prize of ten dollars for perfect form, at the dog-show."

Barker—"Yes; and then the ladies' humane society had Poynter arrested, and he was fined twenty dollars for shaping his dog with corsets."

Six jolly old tars
Took a ride on the cars.
"She's a poor craft," they said, "for a gale.
We'll never get back,'
For you see we can't tack—
We're adrift without rudder or sail."

A QUEER COVERING.

IT was the first time that Dorothy had seen a horse with a fly-net on.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, "that horse is wearing holes tied together with strings!"

SHOULD KEEP OUT OF THE DRAFT.

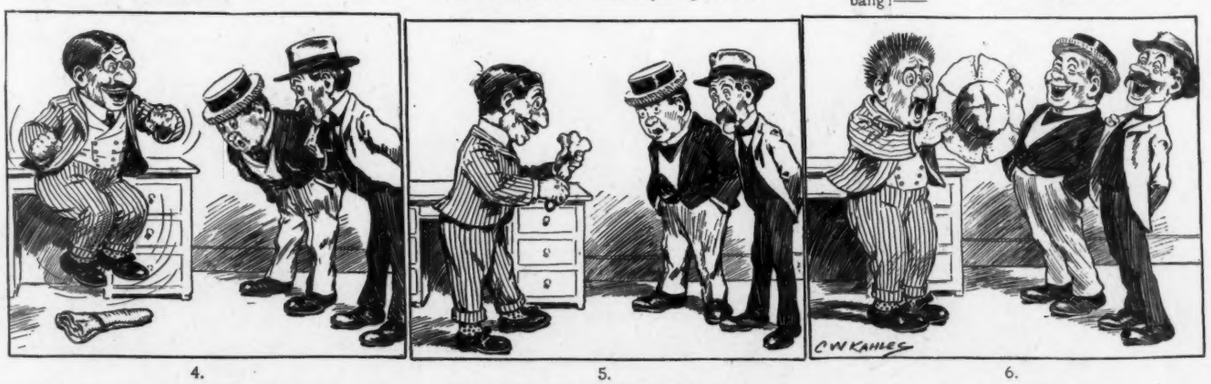
First South American—"Ah, góod afternoon, senor. Looks like a revolution."

Second South American—"Yes, I've been predicting one for several days. My rheumatism always bothers me just before such changes."

1. "How do you like my new forty-dollar panama, boys? Ain't it a beaut?——

2. ——Just see how it can be rolled up into a small parcel. You can do almost anything with it.——

3. ——You can't do *this* to any other kind of a hat without putting it on the bum. Bing! bing! bang!——



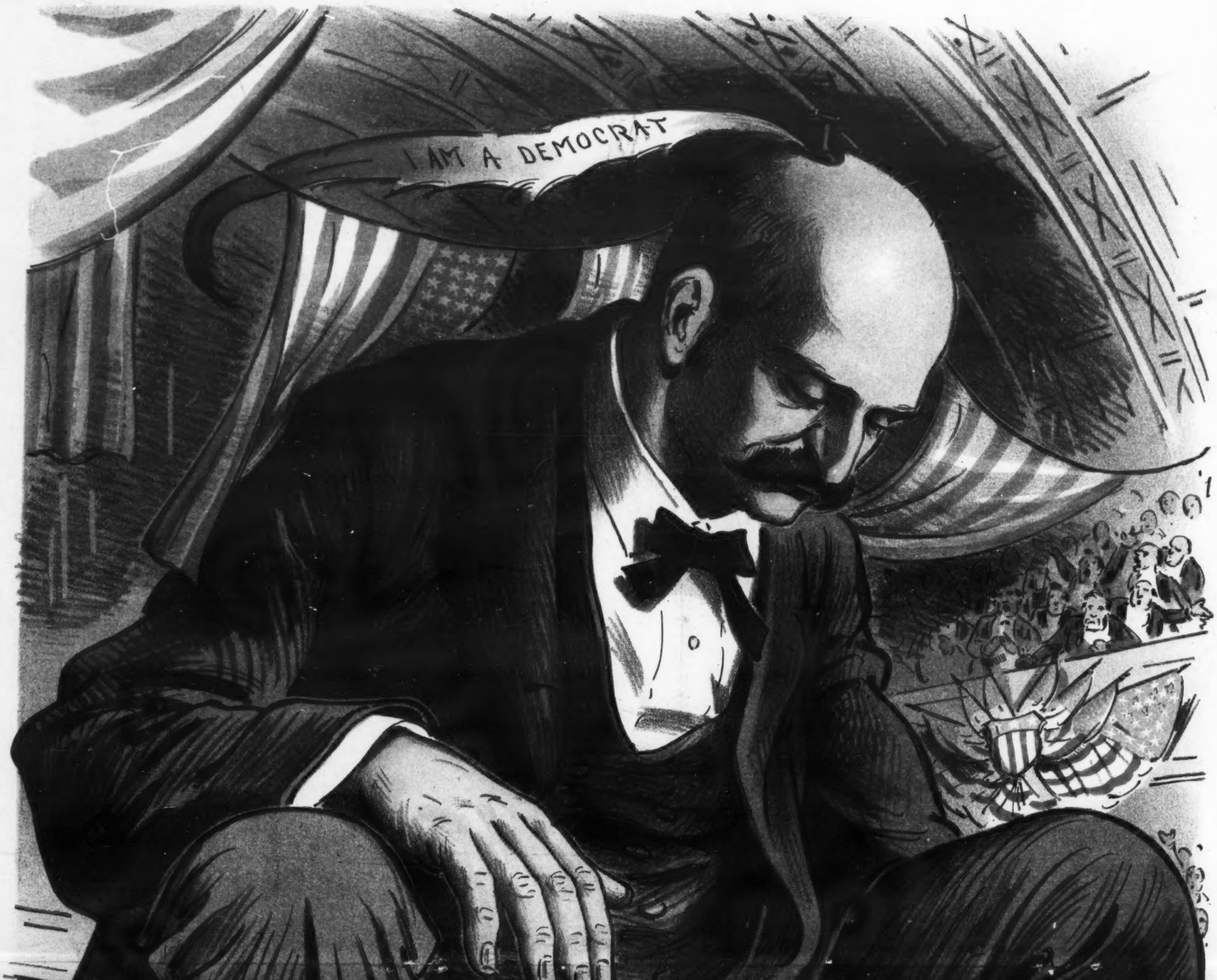
4. ——You can jump on it or let a wagon run over it and you simply can't break the straw.——

5. ——Now, after all that rough handling, I'll show you that you won't find even a crease in it"——

6. ! ! — ? ? — ! ! — x x x — ! ?

THE SAD TALE OF A FORTY-DOLLAR PANAMA.

Judge



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"JUDGE" MAKES A PREDICTION

that David B. Hill will be the "whole thing" at the next Democratic convention.

A BUCOLIC BLAST.

HURRAH for the turkey, hurrah for the goose!
And all the fine things in the country let loose.
Ah, that's where I'm happy, though perched on a rail,
Or driving the calf round the field by the tail.

At six I'm in bed and at three I am up,
And nothing but happiness boils in my cup
When tossing the hay or when milking the cow,
Or hunting the skunk with the burly bow-wow.

Hurrah for the country! is ever my toot
When on the plow-handles I skim with a scoot.
Oh, for the green country that cannot be beat—
I stand on my head and applaud with my feet.

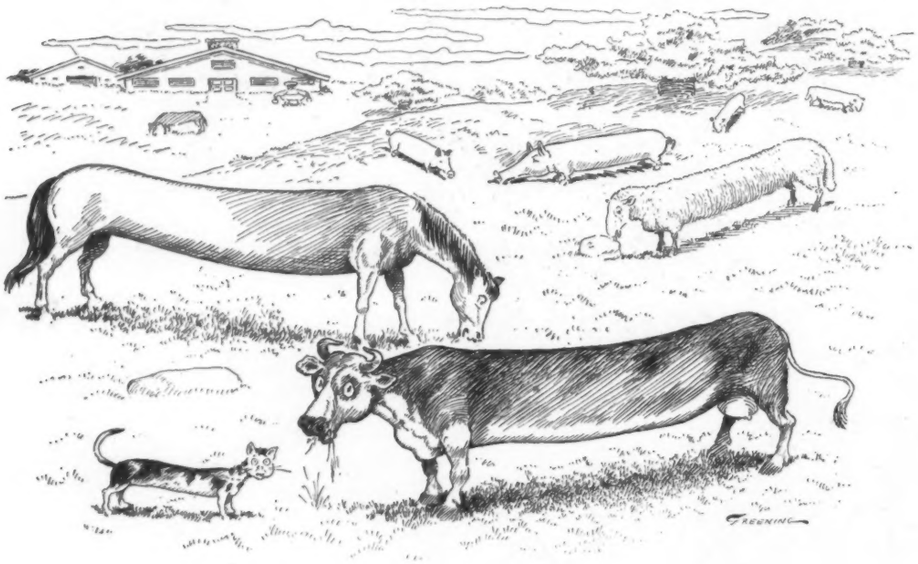
JUST ACROSS THE LINE FROM MAINE.

MRS. JOHNSON—"Dey am makin' alcohol now out ob pine-trees."
MRS. JACKSON—"Um! Dat accounts fo' de state mah husban' came home in las' night."
MRS. JOHNSON—"Whad wuz dat?"
MRS. JACKSON—"De pine-tree state."

EVEN OYSTERS HAVE THEIR PRIDE.

"THEY say that the Shrewsbury-river oysters have a most extraordinary taste," murmured an innocent little Blue-point.

"Can you wonder?" scornfully retorted a large Rockaway. "Would they live in the Shrewsbury if they hadn't?"



Scene in Germany as Johnny imagines it to be after seeing a dachshund.

BARD WINS.

IT'S pumping o'er the highway,
It's steaming through the park;
It's chauffeuring on the driveways,
It's autoing for a lark.

It's scudding, scooting, snorting;
It's funny how you feel
When you toot the wind-horn
Of your automobile.

P. S.

Writ to settle a wager
With one that owns a wheel
And bet no word would rhyme with
Automobile.

WELL QUALIFIED.

Editor—"You say you want to manage our circulation department. What experience have you had?"

Major Applejack—"Well, suh, I made out the election retuhns from ouah district in the black belt foh a number of yeahs, suh."

WHY HE LIKED IT.

AUNT JANE—"You say geography is your favorite study, Robert? And why do you love geography above the rest?"
ROBERT—"Well, you see, Aunt Jane, the geography is so big that when you've got it in front of you the teacher can't see what you're doing."

THE UNOBTRUSIVE ESSENTIAL.

A mighty tumult rises as the horse goes 'neath the wire!
The people rise and cheer again and never seem to tire.
And some are rich and jubilant and others feel remorse,
And the only one who doesn't seem excited is the horse.

When they've held a big election and the crowds go passing by,
And the bands are loudly playing and the rockets flash on high,
And the city 's all aglow with the excitement of debate,
The only one who's placid is the winning candidate.

When they have a coronation and the town in glad array
Turns out in loyal humor to enjoy a holiday
Society is all agog; the masses laugh and sing,
And the only one who doesn't seem to mind it is the king.

It is not the puff and noise that make the locomotive go;
It is not the big bass-drum that makes the music and the show;
When there's anything important you will notice, as a rule,
That the star of the occasion is the one who's keeping cool.

—*Washington Star.*

Mrs. Dash—"Don't you ever visit in summer?"

Mrs. Rash—"Oh, no; David always wants to go where he can pay board and act disagreeable when he feels like it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ask for Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, when you go to druggist or grocer for a reliable tonic in the spring. Abbott's, the best for all seasons.

Flora—"Yes, I sing in a church where they have an awfully small congregation."

Dora—"Then why don't you stop singing?"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"I have always thought," said Godfrey Scorjel, "that Bjornstjerne Bjornson would be the right man to undertake an expedition to the north pole. If he could get within fifteen or twenty degrees of the pole with his dogs and sledges he could use his name for a couple of skees and slide the rest of the way."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Hall—"The author tried very hard to make a clean play of that drama."

Stall—"How do you know?"

Hall—"Why, didn't you notice that girl come in five or six times during each act and dust off the furniture?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Tess—"What a queer remark that man made about the bride"

Jess—"What was it?"

Tess—"He said, 'How natural she looks. Don't you think so?'"

Jess—"Mere force of habit. He's an undertaker."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Billingsley has taught his dog to sing."

"Does he sing well?"

"He sings as well as Billingsley could teach him."

"I never heard Billingsley. Is he a good singer?"

"Well, the dog has been shot at seven times."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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—*Medical Press (London), Aug., 1899.*

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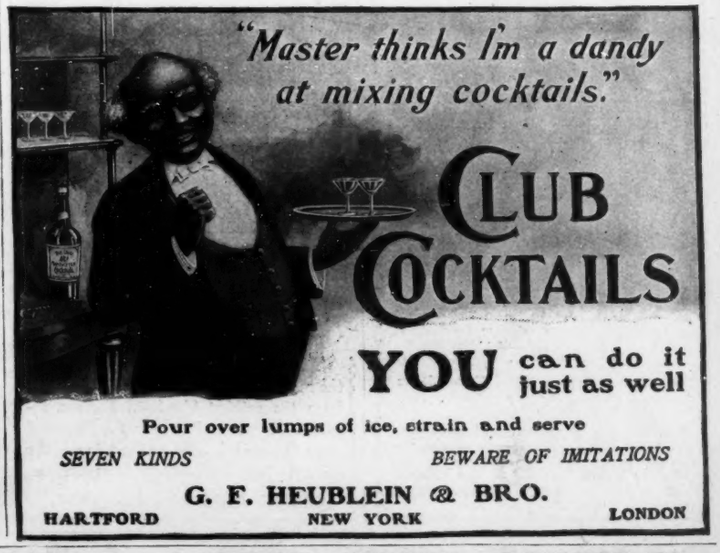

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Husband—"Hurrah! My employer has given me a week's vacation."

Wife—"How nice! Now you can take down the stoves, clean out the cellar, and whitewash the kitchen."—*Chicago News.*

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"Yes," the sweet girl graduate replied, "I was awfully upset. I had noticed just as I walked out upon the stage that my left shoestring was untied."—*Chicago Record.*

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Ethel—"George has told me that he will kill himself if I do not consent to be his. What shall I do?"

Her mother—"Wait, my child, and see whether he does or not. If he fails to do so you will know that he is not worthy of your love."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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A delightful smoke at a moderate price. Hand made. Best selected tobacco. Full size, 5 in.

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Delivered Free.

State color, light, medium or dark

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604 Liberty ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

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Pretty soon they'll be expected to add "Deah boy, doncherknow!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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"Don't yeu know, you rascals, that I am his honor, Judge Jones?"

"Well, den, dis is er genuine case uv honor among t'ieves, hey?"

2000 Revolutions a Minute! FAN $1.50

Measurement 10 inches.

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THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

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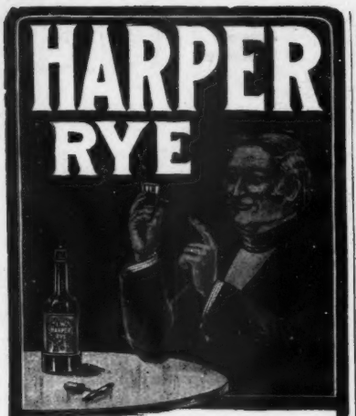
HARPER RYE



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Use the Great English Remedy

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Jess—"Yes, and it certainly was lovely."

Tess—"That so?"

Jess—"Yes, it was just a plain mousseline de soie, but so stylish."—*Philadelphia Press.*

She—"I never saw that man who sits at the next table to us put his napkin over his vest or on his lap."

He—"No; he thinks it's a bad example to set."

She—"How funny!"

He—"Not at all; his business is cleaning clothes."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Wigg—"No; I can't say that Talkalot is a friend of mine. I merely have a speaking acquaintance with him."

Wagg—"Most people only have a listening acquaintance."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"It's a great relief," said the plain-dressed woman.

"What's a great relief?"

"To see the spring-bonnet joke get a rest while the panama-hat joke monopolizes the occasion."—*Washington Star.*

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A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen, sweating feet, ingrowing nails, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain, and gives rest and comfort. Try it *to-day*. Sold by all druggists and shoe-stores for 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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Pears' is the purest and best toilet soap in all the world.

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Absolutely pure.

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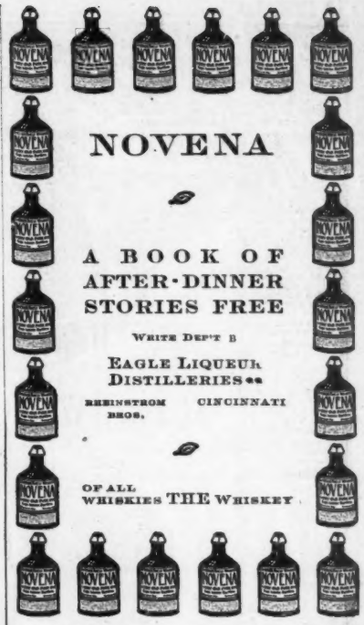

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Patrice—"Oh, she makes all the bald-headed boarders sit out on the front stoop."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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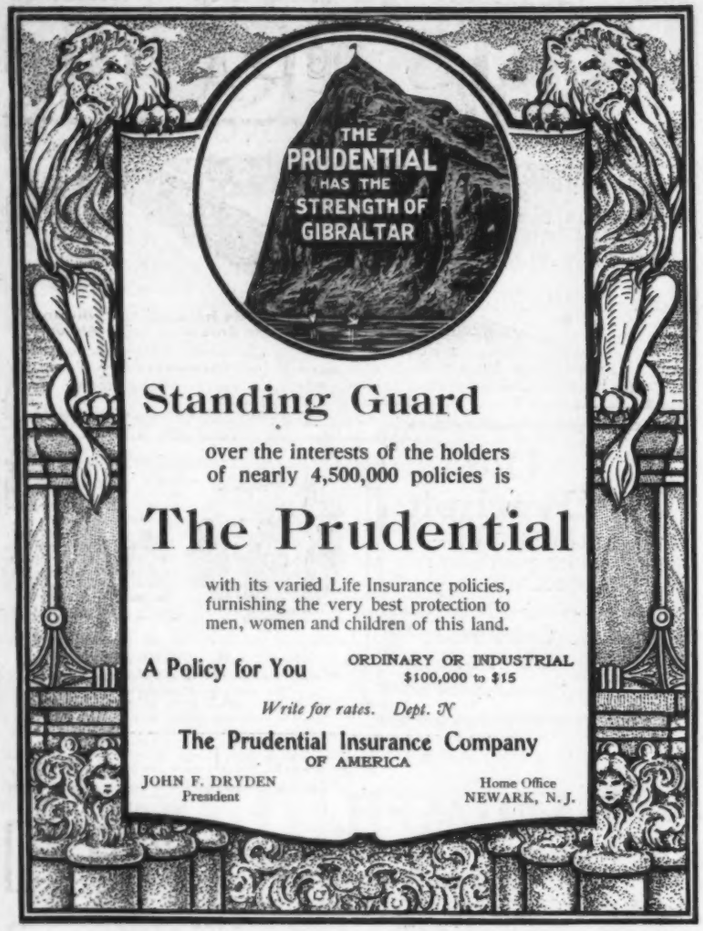

CORRECT ANSWERS TO
JUDGE'S Picture Puzzles
IN CONTEST No. 5.

The following are the correct answers to the twenty-four puzzles comprising JUDGE's Picture Puzzles, Contest No. 5:

The names of those who have been successful in solving the puzzles will be published in next week's JUDGE (No. 1083).

1. Prune.
2. Date.
3. Mango.
4. Pear.
5. Orange.
6. Plum.
7. Morse.
8. Howe.
9. Watt.
10. Franklin.
11. Sir Humphrey Davy.
12. Eli Whitney.
13. Hoe.
14. Cultivator.
15. Rake.
16. Corn-cutter.
17. Spade.
18. Harrow.
19. Brighton Beach.
20. South Beach.
21. Rockaway.
22. Long Branch.
23. Atlantic City.
24. Ocean Grove.

GOUTS OF BLOOD.

HOW MONTRETOUT DE GHUY BROKE HIS OWN RECORD FOR A FAIR ONE WHO WAS FALSE.

His good blade carves the casques of men,
His lance is like a skewer;
His strength is as the strength of ten— *
(A fifth edition, sure.)
—*Romaunt Under the Rose.*

"HAD I but known how a Briton bleeds," muttered Montretout de Ghuy, moodily, "I might have spared some fifty of them."

Yea, and a hundred, by'r Lady!—if in sooth it be held not against me that I give tongue to the free speech of the times, which I, a sorry scrivener, have yet essayed to picture.

Yet hark ye back to Montretout—well acquit of such carnage as gives me pause to reckon the dead with help in some sort from an adding machine. (For, mark ye, I cry explicit ere there be time for a tedious tally!) Even as he spoke the blood had overflowed the moat, had thence debouched from where the castle topped the hill, and filled the natural avenues of escape with a crimson stream.

Thus Montretout, in splendid yet inconvenient isolation, surveyed his hasty exploit with concern. The dead were piled everywhere. Now, at last, he knew his strength. Could fear have found a lodging in that heart, 'twould yet, for lack of wherewithal to feed, have fared for scarce so great a space as overnight. Else Montretout, having looked, himself had feared. Nathless, the spectacle for the nonce did rein his speech to halting words.

There were seven in single file had set upon him; his lowered lance had spitted every mother's son.

The western wall dripped with blood and brains. 'Twas where the treacherous Cochon de Boulogna charged against him with all his crew. De Ghuy did but step lightly aside from the press as he felt his foes' hot breath upon him; and the wall had done the rest. 'Twas, pardie, a dead wall.

Writ in like ghastly record the copse's tale. There had de Ghuy done battle with both hands, arriving betimes with mailed feet, in the manner of the boxing French. And this errantry alone had undone a score of knights. A score well settled, say I.

In the thick of it all, the fair-haired giant, Godfrey Greataxe.

"A welcome to our midst!" rang his sarcastic challenge.

"Merci," replied Montretout, lightly, as ever polite and smiling. Whereat a great cavity punched he in the Englishman's abdomen, and the sneer on the big one's face turned to discomfort as he fell.

And still the blood ran from the English arteries. Thicker than water, 'twas but sluggish in the channel that cut off de Ghuy from the forest where dwelt the Fair. Damnable, say you? Nay, not so; else de Ghuy had quickly dammed it with dead bodies.

'Twas the twenty-second hour since Montretout issued smiling from the Chateau Yquem. In the dusk of his departure, Yvonne L'Anxieuse had pinned to his corselet the covering of her dainty hand. This had he stooped to kiss, but she waved him away: "Break your own record first. Fail, and a box of bon-bons for me. That is the wager of battle. And the time limit—forget it not!"

De Ghuy did not forget. 'Ods blood! Of naught else did he ponder, being given to harboring the one thought at a time. Methinks it is the way with such as push their fortunes to successful issue—single of heart and of purpose. And yet in his sore plight a double life had served him passing well. An hour's delay till the flood fell, and time it would be called.

De Ghuy bit his lip, whereat the folly of spilling more blood did but goad him anew.

"Morbleu!" he muttered, as he needs must. "Morbleu!" Then, after a little, once again, "Morbleu!"

To one who understandeth not the nature of an oath, 'twould seem but poverty of speech. Yet in sooth de Ghuy did swear with more elaboration than it becomes me to record.

"So I must swim for it!" quoth he, at last. "And, sacre bleu! I know not how to swim. Ever before the steed has borne the knight to safety. Yet now, in lieu of horses, behold a litter! Even the chevaux de frise is horse de combat! The wren has wings, but I—J'y suis, j'y reste!"

'Twas but the truth. In his blind fury Montretout de Ghuy had slain chargers and men alike. And now, at heart sick, with fighting drunk, for love an-hungered—he was a long way from home. Moreover, his strength was well-nigh spent—dwindled, indeed, to the paltry power of one man. His money wholly so. And now the bon-bons bet did chafe his knightly pride. What thing of price was here portable, since back might not be burdened with all that glittering armor? No need to look for purses. Right well was de Ghuy aware they had been flung to the stirrup-holding lackeys of his foes. A ring, a chain? At least, some bauble to save his honor and his eligibility as before this costly enterprise. Presently he descried upon the carmine flood the corpse of a man.

"A floater!" cried he, joyfully. "Voila! I, too, shall float, and the current will give me passage to yon bank."

So saying, he bucked the tide, and the swash of the tepid flood came over against his buckler. "After all," he murmured, with the true esprit Gaulois, "I am in my element."

* * * * * * *

With the cuckoo's last call a crimson knight made sprint into the courtyard of the Chateau Yquem. Seeing him from her lattice, Yvonne L'Anxieuse laughed sweetly: "How now, Sir Knight, and afoot? Is it thus the record-breaker lags till the eleventh hour? Such hurry, methinks, doth set awkwardly on a gentleman of France."

Montretout looked aghast, for all his bloody face. Her tone—was it true love's tone? And there, pawing the ground, stood the over-fed charger of the carpet-knight, Guillaume le Gros Tete.

De Ghuy fumbled at his corselet and drew forth—mon Dieu! not the lady's glove, which he thought lay near his heart, but—a mitten.

'Twas at this moment of his knightly career that Montretout de Ghuy did right bitterly repent his oath never to swear in the presence of a lady.

WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE LARNED.

* Of ten, sayeth the troubadour? Aye, of twenty, by the rood! Yet such is poesie, he may not specify.

CALIFORNIA

$50

ROUND TRIP

First-class tickets from Chicago on sale August 2 to 8; corresponding rates from other points. Liberal return limits. Special excursion rates on all other days.

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Wm BARKER CO. TROY, N.Y.

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Little boy—"Will you please hold this dog for me, mister?"

Old gentleman—"With pleasure, my little man; how long do you wish me to hold him?"

Little boy—"Till I tie this bunch uv fire-crackers to his tail."—*Ohio State Journal.*

"It's quite cool for June," remarked the observant boarder.

"Yes," added the cross-eyed boarder; "in the effort to get June days to the requisite degree of rareness, the weather man is almost certain to hand out a few that are underdone."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

"Me darter Nora is goin' t' marry Casey, that wurrucks in th' basemint iv thot buildin'. But Oi do be tillin' her that she moight hev looked higher!"

"Indade?"

"Yis; she cud hov hod Murphy, that wurrucks on th' top story iv thot same skoiscraper."—*Baltimore Herald.*

First office-boy—"What's Johnny hurryin' fer? Looks like he heard a fire-alarm."

Second office-boy—"He did. De boss said if he wasn't back from dat errand in ten minutes he'd lose his job!"—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

Joax—"Young Simpkins has at last succeeded in carving out a fortune by his own efforts."

Hoax—"Why, I was under the impression that he married an heiress."

Joax—"So he did, but he had to cut out a dozen other fellows before taking up his residence on the sunny side of Easy street."—*Chicago News.*

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CARBO MAGNETIC RAZOR

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Full Hollow Ground $2.50 EACH

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No Honing. No Grinding. No Smarting After Shaving.

Hamburg ground, making them adaptable for wiry or soft beards. Sold by leading dealers, or from the manufacturer, postpaid. Our booklet "Hints to Shavers," with Catalogue of Razor Sets. Free.

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CHEW... Beeman's THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others are Imitations.

"What is your opinion of rag-time music?"

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, confidentially, "I like it. But I'm too refined to own up to the fact."—*Washington Star.*

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6th Contest

SERIES 3

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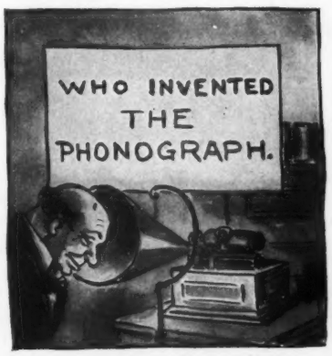

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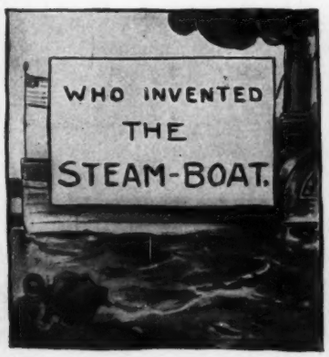

17.....

18.....

HERE are six pictures. Supply the name of the **INVENTOR.** We have $250 to give to the ten most successful of our readers who solve these six illustrations and eighteen (18) others, twelve of which appeared in the last two issues of JUDGE, and six of which will appear in the next issue of JUDGE.

This puzzle competition is not inaugurated for the purpose of securing subscriptions to JUDGE, neither is it confined to JUDGE'S subscribers; it is open to everybody, whether he or she is a subscriber or not. The Puzzle Department is for the sole purpose of affording amusement and instruction to all of JUDGE'S friends. The essential features which will be considered by us in making the rewards, in conjunction with the correctness of the answers, will be the celerity and the general neatness with which the solutions are sent in to us.

A Total of $250

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1st Reward of Merit	a check	for	$125
2d	"	"	30
3d	"	"	25
4th	"	"	20
5th	"	"	15
6th	"	"	10
7th	"	"	10
8th	"	"	5
9th	"	"	5
10th	"	"	5

READ THESE DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY

Write the solution underneath each picture, cut out sheet (*holding it until the fourth and last series of puzzles is published in JUDGE No. 1083*) and write your name and address plainly on the bottom thereof; *then mail all four sheets pinned together in the upper left-hand corner,* to the "JUDGE PRIZE PUZZLE DEPT., 110 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK," in time to reach this office not later than one week from day of publication of JUDGE No. 1083. All solutions arriving later will be disqualified. You can send in as many answers as you please, providing you use a separate JUDGE puzzle sheet each time—no more than one solution of each picture can be given on any one sheet without causing confusion. You need not send a second set of solutions to the whole twenty-four puzzles in order to change your answer to any one or more of the puzzles; in other words, if in your opinion one or more of the pictures will bear different constructions, and you desire to submit each of these constructions as a part of your complete set of solutions, you can do so by using another sheet containing the particular picture or pictures in question. Thus sending two copies, say, of that sheet and one of each of the remaining sheets comprising the whole series, *all pinned together in the upper left-hand corner, as required above.* Be sure that you fully prepay postage in sending in solutions.

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PRESS OF FLESS & RIDGE PRINTING CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

HE LOOKED IT.

OLD PELEG WHIPPLE—"Mornin', boys! Who seems to be gittin' th' most bites?"
THE BOYS (*in chorus*)—"Well, we won't lie to yer, boss, but we t'ink it's de dog."

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NO MORE MONEY IN FAILING.

GOLDHEIM—"Didt you hear der news? Blazupski is goin' to retire from bizness fer *sure*."
ICKLEHEIMER—"Yes, i know aboudt it. He toldt me since der fire-insurance company refused to carry his risk dere is no money in der clothing bizness."